The Catholick Ballad:

OR, AN

INVITATION

TO

POPERY,

Upon considerable Grounds and Reasons.

To the Tune of 88.

Since Popery of late is so much in debate,
And great strivings have been to restore it,
I cannot forbear openly to declare,
That the Ballad-makers are for it.

We'l dispute no more, these Heretical men
Have exposed our Books unto laughter,
So that many do say, 'twill be our best way
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the Catholic Cause! now assist me my Muse,
Now earnestly do I desire thee!
Neither will I pray to St. Bridget to day,
But only to thee to inspire me.

Whence should purity come, but from Catholic Rome?
I wonder much at your folly;
For St. Peter was there, and left an old Chair,
Enough to make all the world holy.

For this sacred old wood is so excellent good,
If Tradition may be believed,
That whoever sits there needs never more fear
The danger of being deceived.

If the Devil himself should (God bless us) get up
Though his nature we know to be evil,
Yet whilst he sate there, as divers will swear,
He would be an infallible Devil.

Now who sits in this Seat, but our Father the Pope:
So that here's a plain demonstration,
As clear as noon-day, we are in the right way,
And all others are doom'd to damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your eyes,
Which are blinded with bad Education;
We have Arguments plenty, & Miracles twenty
Enough to convince a whole Nation.

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host bleed,
And if any thing can perswade ye,
An Image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak
In the honour of our Lady.

You shall see without doubt the Devil cast out,
As of old by Erra Pater;
He shall skip about and tear like a dancing Bear
When he feels the Holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have Reliques most rare,
We can shew you the sacred Manger;
Several loads of the Cross, as good as ere was
To preserve your souls from danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone-wall,
But I spare you a little for pity.
That each one may prepare, and rub up his ear,
For the second part of my Ditty.

The Second Part to the same Tune.

Now listen again to those things that remain,
They are matters of weight, I assure you,
And the first thing I say, throw your Bibles away,
'Tis impossible else for to cure you.

O that pestilent Book! never on it more look,
I wish I could speak it out louder:
It has don more men harm, I dare boldly affirm
Than th' Invention of Guns and Powder.

As for matters of Faith, believe what the Church saith,
But for Scripture, leave that to the Learned;
For these are edge tools, & you Laymen are fools,
If you touch them y'are sure to be harmed.

But pray what is it for, that you make all this stir?
You must read, you must hear and be learned:
If you'l be on our part, we will teach you an Art,
That you need not be so much concerned.

Be the Churches good son, and your work is half done,
After that you may do your own pleasure:
If your Beads you can tell, and say Ave Mary well,
Never doubt of the heavenly treasure.

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he please
And without all peradventure,
If you cannot at the fore, yet at the back-door
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But first by the way you must make a short stay
At a place called Purgatory,
Which the Learned us tell, in the buildings of Hell,
Is about the middlemost Story.

'Tis a monstrous hot place & a mark of disgrace
In the torment on't long to endure:
None are kept there but fools & poor pitiful souls
Who can no ready money procure.

For a handsom round sum you may quickly be gon,
For the Church has wisely ordein'd,
That they who build Crosses and pay well for Masses
Should not there be too long detain'd.

So that 'tis a plain case, as the nose on ones face,
We are in the surest condition,
And none but poor fools & some niggardly owls
Need fall into utter perdition.

What aileth you then, O ye great and rich men,
That you will not hearken to reason,
Since as long as y'have pence, ye need scruple no offence,
Be it Murther, Adultery, Treason.

Now listen again to those things common,
And ye sweet-natur'd Women, who hold all things
My addresses to you are most hearty,
And to give you your due, you are to us most true.
And I hope we shall gain the whole party.

If you happen to fall, your Penance shall be small,
And although you cannot forgo it,
We have for you a cure, if of this you be sure
To confess before you go to it.

There is one reason yet, which I cannot omit,
To those who affect the French Nation,
Hereby we advance the Religion of France,
The Religion that's only in fashion.

If these reasons prevail, (as how can they fail?)
To have Popery entertain'd,
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,
What benefits hence may be gain'd.

For the Pope shall us bless (that's no small happiness)
And again we shall see restored
The Italian Trade, which formerly made
This Land to be so much adored.

O the Pictures and Rings, the Beads and fine things,
The good words as sweet as honey,
All this and much more shall be brought to our shore
For a little dull English money.

Then shall Traffic and Love, and whatever can move
Be restor'd again to our Britain,
And Learning so common, that every old woman
Shall say her Prayers in Latin.

Then shall obey,
Then the Church shall bear sway, and the State
Which is now lookt upon as a wonder,
And the proudest of Kings & all temporal things
Shall submit and truckle under.

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do
And have handled us with so much terror,
May chance on that score (tis no time to say more)
They may chance to acknowledge their error.

If any man yet shall have so little wit
As still to be refractory,
I swear by the Mass, he is a mere Ass,
And so there's an end of a Story.

FINIS.

LONDON: Printed for *Henry Brome* at the Gun at the West-end of St. *Pauls* Church-yard. MDC LXXIV.